

# Funeral March

## Designer Drugs

[Verse 1] Focus of an orchestra, dozen black roses  
Energy of rock group, symphony's explosive  
Half the appetite, that's the sacrifice  
That's the path of light, laugh to afterlife  
Earthly primitive disturbing images  
Center of attention, feel my inner-tension  
Conquest original, intent to purify spirit  
Regiment descend with a vengeance  
My brothers shed blood with me  
You hate on what I'd love to be  
It goes paralyzed force, I fly through my verse  
I fly high in a parallel universe  
Strange fascinations living in a world  
Where children are just spit on become greatness  
I'm antisocial, misplaced aggression  
I'm not your trophy, love breeds obsession

[Chorus] Yesterday does not exist  
Tomorrow is made  
Today is all there is

[Verse 2] Lust for advancement, personal development  
Mentally elevate psychedelic elements  
Isolated Mad Child talk torture  
Zolac to Zoltar, dirtbikes and go-karts  
Dark town iron-jawed angel  
Danger's no foreigner, I enjoy strangers

Aqua, blue, turquoise-ingrained scenery  
Fascinated landscape, my mind's machinery

[Verse 3] The danger's imminent, the razor blades are intricately  
Placed inside our mouths, we spit them out at the belligerent  
A blessed array, decrepit decayed, in every display,  
Be selective of the records you play  
In the black marble banquet hall back when I can't recall  
Show down house of blue leaves, blood and snowfall  
We're indestructible impossible odds  
Competition stops breathing? I'm a possible cause

[Chorus][Verse 4] The illusion is lifted, the mist of this life with shifted dimensions for the demented souls  
Who hold pistols in suspense of the last days suspended  
Animation of the free will revealed as a test but not yet

Not until the last footsteps leave the green grass  
After the coffin is tossed in a soft pit of six feet of spirit form  
You watch it feeling awful and nauseous  
The angel of death just stomped you as you crossed through the universal sauce  
Your agnostic belief cost you your afterlife  
Punishment of the grave as you approached by two blue-eyed angels  
No halos and dark faces expressionless  
Three questions, no less than this  
No guessing, only a rebel of God wanted the session in which case he will see his place in hellfire  
[Chorus]

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